

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



"DE LEADER HIM DEAD, AND MASSA HIM NO SPEAK," SAID THE NEGRO BOY.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY:

OR, ADVENTURES IN JAMAICA THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—GOLDEN-GROVE. A PIMENTO-WALK.
PRICKLY-PEARS.

"The top of the morning to you, gentlemen," said Rington, as Harry and I stepped into the verandah. "I hope your early rising will not disagree with you."

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"Not more than a late breakfast will set to rights," said Harry, laughing.

"Come along, then. Hullo! what now?" cried Rington, as the clattering of horses' feet was heard:—"hooray! here come Gordon and Mac: that's capital."

"Have you finished breakfast?" were the first words we heard from the bushier, as he trotted up to the door.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"We have not begun yet; waiting for you this I don't know how long," replied Rington.

"Nor nobody else," said Gordon; "but at any rate I'm glad you waited, for I've brought a wee baggie o' alligator pears. I ken weel ye canna grow them at Golden Grove." And sure enough he had: there was Cuffy, seated on "a bit of blood," with "the wee baggie" before him.

"All right," said Rington; "bring 'em up, Cuffy! I am no ways proud; but," turning to Gordon, "I'll show you what we *can* grow at Golden Grove, by and by, old fellow."

"Prickly-pears and the like, you mean? 'deed I know that 'ill weeds grow apace' along Plantain Garden River."

"There's not a weed in the vale so tall or so ill-behaved as yourself," laughed Rington, as he pushed him into the verandah, where breakfast was laid.

A jovial meal we had. The dry humour of the bushier, the quaint simplicity of little Mac, Rington's ready repartee, and the general high spirits of the whole party, rise up pleasantly before me as I write even now, after an interval of well nigh thirty years.

"Now, then," said Rington, as we pushed our plates from us, and all cried "Hold! enough"—"now, then, for the prickly-pears, and the other ill weeds; 'smoking is not allowed,'" added he, as Harry produced his cigar case.

"Right eno'—right eno'," said the bushier; "the flavour of your weeds, Captain, would destroy Rington's altogether—put their noses out of joint, that would they."

"They would put *our* noses out of joint, at all events," said Rington; "allspice and tobacco don't mix kindly together; the fact is, I want to show you my pimento walk to—"

"The best advantage," chimed in the bushier, "for fear the alligator pears should beat him; all fair, all fair; put up your cigar-case, Captain."

We strolled leisurely along through the highly cultivated vale, which to my eye seemed richer in all the profuse and varied vegetation of the tropics than any part of Jamaica I had yet seen.

The canes were larger and more lofty, their spiral tops "arrowing" many feet above our heads; the Indian corn grew thicker and stronger, and the heavy "cobs" hung in countless numbers on the vigorous stalks; the cocon-nut trees too appeared higher, and more loaded with fruit; one palmetto royal, or cabbage-palm, in particular, which distanced all its neighbours in altitude, as it did in graceful beauty, irresistibly arrested my attention.

I had never beheld so noble a tree of the palm genus. Its perfectly straight trunk, without branch or bough to break the elegant symmetry of its shape, rose up clean and clear from the base to its lofty top; from thence a waving plume drooped pendant; and, to crown the whole, a tender green shoot lifted its head high into the air from the centre of the leafy canopy.

Rington told us that that magnificent tree was upwards of 150 feet in height, and it certainly looked every inch of it.

"Ah!" said he, "in the centre of that fellow's crown lurks a great delicacy; it is more delicious

than any sea-kale you ever eat, but it is only to be had by the sacrifice of the tree; and that would be 'buying gold too dear,' to my thinking."

So thought we. Sacrifice such a splendid tree as that for a dish of sea-kale! the idea was too monstrous to be entertained for a moment.

I found that I was not wrong in my estimate of the productiveness of that vale.

"There is not better land in the island—very little as good—as this same Plantain Garden; but I don't tell Rington so, as it would make him too conceited, ye ken," said the bushier, in a stage whisper.

"That's not kind of you, Gordon," laughed Rington; "for it's a fact I'd never find out by myself, ye ken."

"Did you ever hear the likes of that? He ridicules my parts of speech to my face, and I a guest! There's manners; and yet, would you believe it, Captain, he wants to make me believe that he was educated at Winchester College? 'Deed he might ha' saved his poor father the expense o' keepin' him there four year, gin he naiver larnt so much as the motto o' the Institute—'Manners makyth man.'"

"It doesn't say what *sort* of a 'man' they make, Jim," suggested Rington, whilst his eyes twinkled with fun.

"Nor what sort of 'manners' are employed in the manufacture; and gin yours are a fair specimen o' the class, I'll no say but they're wise in keepin' things 'dark,' Mat, for the gude o' the college, ye ken!"

"There is no 'weathering' upon Jim Gordon," said Rington, laughing heartily; "when you think you have him, he trips you up by 'an echelon movement,' as you 'sojer officers' would say, and over you go."

"It's very seldom you tumble without pulling me after you: that's all mock humility, gentlemen; don't you be taken in; he has hit me so often and so hard with his sledge-hammer wit, that I'm black and blue, mentally speaking: but whew! what's this dreadful smell?"

In pretended disgust the bushier seized hold of his nose. The most delicious perfume was wafted past on the light breeze.

We had been gradually ascending for the last ten minutes, and were now upon the slope of a hill. About three hundred yards in front of us was an avenue of trees: this was the pimento-walk, and from thence came this delicately sweet scent, which, as we drew nearer to the walk, became almost overpowering in its strength and pungency.

The pimento tree is tall and slender, with a lighthouse grey trunk, so smooth, so shiny, and so delicate in appearance, as to give one the idea that the outside bark has been peeled off. The leaf is dark-green, glossy, and highly scented, and when you crush it in your hand, it emits a spicy aromatic fragrance, in comparison with which all the numberless bouquets, from "l'impératrice" to "the jockey club," are but miserable, scentless compositions.

The fruit of this beautiful tree is about the size

and colour of a large sloe, but as hard as an almond when ripe, and known with us as "allspice." They grow wild all over the island, but are seldom cultivated, as they are not supposed to yield so great a profit as sugar and coffee. This theory, however, was not adopted by Rington: he believed that a pimento-walk, besides being very ornamental, and highly gratifying to the olfactories, might be made to pay well, if carefully and scientifically tended.

As we wandered down this lovely grove, inhaling aromatic incense at every step, the beautiful and truthful description of a tropical climate and tropical vegetation rose before me—

"The soft winds of zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Waxed faint o'er the garden of Gule in her bloom."

We returned to the house by a different route—by the side of Plantain Garden River, through thick clumps of waving bamboos, beneath wide-spreading cotton trees and stately palms.

"I have brought you this way," said Rington, as we entered a lane inclosed on each side by a tall hedge, "to show you a specimen of the prickly-pear, which even Gordon allows we can grow in 'the garden,' and I rather think we can."

I had seen prickly-pear hedges before, but certainly none approaching in size to those between which we were walking. They were at least twelve feet high, and four feet in breadth; and the plants grew so thickly together, interlaced one with another, the broad prickly leaves overlapping the whole, that one could with difficulty discern daylight through the dense mass. Bright scarlet flowers and purple fruit hung in profusion over the rough spiky surface.

"A very beautiful and a very formidable barrier indeed," said Harry. "I had no idea that the prickly-pear ever attained to such a size."

"Well, I don't believe there are many such hedges in Jamaica," observed Rington. "I don't know what 'the wait-a-bit thorns' at the Cape may be, but I suspect that most fellows would 'wait a bit' before they charged that."

"Even a buffalo bull, eh?" said I, for I had been lately reading of buffalo hunts in the far west, and my notions of the wondrous strength of these furious animals were probably of an exaggerated description.

"A buffalo fiddlestick!" cried Rington, contemptuously: "I should like to see a herd of them go at it this minute; I'd not budge an inch, and I'd say ten to one that not a bull of the lot ever reached the lane."

"Oh!" cried little Mac, suddenly, "bad luck to the thorns; they've ruined my hand."

"Ah ha!" laughed the busher, "that comes o' picking and stealing; put on your gloves, and try again, man."

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing; I thought those luscious-looking fellows were good to eat, but I don't believe they are worth the gathering."

"Sour grapes always hang high," said Gordon.

"And 'faint heart never won fair lady,'" added Rington.

"And 'a burnt child dreads the fire,'" retorted Mac, as he bound his handkerchief round his bleeding fingers, nodding the while good-humouredly at

his tormentors, as much as to say, "Go on, if you like it."

"I give in: Mac is too many for us this morning, Gordon," said Rington.

"Ay, ay! the lad is 'cute enough; he is as full o' proverbs as he is o' mischief: he has them a' at his fingers' ends."

"That I have, and more than I want, if you call this a proverb," said Mac, as he pulled a long spike out of his finger.

"Ha, ha! had you there, Jim," laughed Rington, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Deed yes that: I am getting old, body and mind; I can chop neither wood nor logic; an auld fule, an auld fule—neither mair nor less."

The busher put his hand on Mac's shoulder, and walked on. It struck me that he looked gloomy. "Surely," thought I, "he is not annoyed at Mac's jokes." The same idea occurred to Rington.

We were sitting in the verandah, talking of the late thunder-storm, which it appeared had done some mischief in the neighbourhood of Smiling Valley, and Mac had just left us to see after the horses, at the busher's request, when Rington said, "What's the matter, Gordon? have you got a headache?"

"No, I never have a headache."

He rose as he spoke, and sighed.

"You are either sick or sulky, and I don't know which. Surely you are not put out by what that lad said, Jim?" he asked, jerking his thumb towards the yard, where Mac stood.

The busher's eyes flashed fire for an instant, and then filled with tears.

"I am neither 'sick nor sulky,' Mat, but I am very, very sad." He spoke slowly and feelingly. I had never seen him so moved. "Angry wi' you, puir laddie? God forbid. Ye dinna ken, Mat, how that boy has twined himself in amongst my very heart-strings; I am a lone man, wi'out wife or bairn, but I lo'e that laddie as weel as though he were my ain bairn; and now he'll be taken awa'—now he'll be taken awa'."

"Taken away? what do you mean, Jim? is the lad going to leave you?" asked Rington in surprise.

"Ay, he's going to leave me, that's just it; tho puir laddie, the puir laddie! he is unco young to dee: heh, sirs, it makes me greet like a woman when I think how soon that puir bairn will be in his grave."

"Be in his grave! going to die! why, what bee have you got in your bonnet now, Jim?" said Rington; "what makes you think that Mac is going to die? I never saw a fellow look less like dying; he is the picture of rude health this minute. Don't you agree with me?" he added, turning to us.

We both assented; but Gordon only shook his head more sorrowfully than ever, and still maintained that, whatever we might think, he saw death in his face as plainly as if the word was written there.

In vain did Rington ridicule—in vain did Harry reason; the busher was neither to be laughed nor argued out of his belief.

"I am a Scotchman, ye ken, Captain," he said at

last. "I was born and bred amongst the meests and the tradections of the mountains; and though ye may disbelieve in 'second sight,' I have a sair foreboding that before six months are gone puir Mac will be in his grave."

So awful was the doom pronounced, so implicit was the faith of the seer, that no one attempted an answer. I don't know how the others felt, but I felt frightened, and half ashamed of myself for being so. Of course I didn't believe it; I never was the least superstitious, and always laughed to scorn the pretended gift of second sight; but notwithstanding my pity and contempt for so barbarous a belief, I shuddered from head to foot as Gordon spoke; and the chill was still at my heart when Mac burst into the verandah, laughing gaily, and holding a dead rat by the tail, which he and Tom had managed to kill between them.

"Now, then, Mac," said Gordon, in a light and easy tone, "we must be off, lad."

Our horses were also at the door, and, as our road passed within half a mile of Smiling Valley, we all started together, bidding farewell to Golden Grove and its kind and hospitable owner.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

THE sun was hot, too hot to go out of a foot's pace, but not hot enough to bridle our tongues or check our mirth. Little Mac was the life of the party, cracking his jokes and poking his fun at every one. The bushier had quite recovered his cheerfulness: his sad forebodings had, or seemed to have, departed. And so we laughed and chatted right merrily, as we rode through the waving canes.

At length we reached the turning to Smiling Valley, and we must part from our pleasant companions.

"Ye'll ha'e to ride for it yet gin you wish to reach camp wi' a dry skin: the air is too sultry to be wholesome; there's a storm brewing up yonder, 'deed is there."

* * * *

"You will not forget to leave me Tom in your will, Mr. Brook."

These were the last words I ever heard uttered, either by honest Jim Gordon or light-hearted little Mac. Why was it that the idea of my leaving the latter anything in my will seemed absurd? Why was it that, when I shook hands with him, the same chill passed through me that I had felt at Golden Grove? Do, in truth, "coming events cast their shadows before them?"

I don't know whether Harry had been similarly affected with myself by the bushier's mournful foreboding, for he said nothing at the time; but he looked sad, I thought, and after taking leave of our friends, we rode on in silence for some miles. But a distant rumble from the Blue Mountains reminded us of Gordon's last words, and on looking back we perceived evident signs of a coming storm.

"Come, Brook, wake up," said Harry: "we are in for a wetting, I guess; but at all events we will cross the Yallahs this time before the flood comes down, if riding will do it."

So saying, he started off at a hand-gallop. I followed my leader, and away we went without a check

for a four-mile stretch. The road was level and good through the vale, but as we neared St. Catherine's gap the ground began to rise.

"We must take a pull here," said Harry; "we shall be under the shelter of those trees in a few minutes."

So we were, and as we passed through the gap, the patter of rain fell heavily on the surrounding foliage. We rattled down the hill, steep and stony though it was, at the imminent risk of breaking our horses' knees, to say nothing of our own necks, for we were eager to cross the ford at the bottom.

"We are not a bit too soon," cried Harry, as we reached the bank of the river, whose dark waters swept swiftly and silently by. In we plunged; there was no time for hesitation; the rain was now falling in torrents, and the river was rapidly rising. We soon gained the other side, but our horses were fairly taken off their legs in the middle of the stream, and had to swim for it.

"That was 'touch and go,' old fellow, eh?" said Harry; "if we had been five minutes later we could not have crossed; that burst over the flat was not for nothing: it is lucky we were not bound for Fernside. I don't believe we could have crossed that ford."

"Is this the same river?" I asked.

"To be sure; only another bend of it; it is wider here than on the other side of the gap, consequently more room for the water to run off: but it has not had time yet to get rid of yesterday's donations, which must have been pretty bountiful, so that a very little more was necessary to bring it up to impassable pitch."

"I think to-day's 'donations' are tolerably 'bountiful,'" I observed, as we cantered along the broad road which led by the Botanical Gardens, the rain pouring down upon us unceasingly the while.

"Well, it *is* moist, I confess," laughed Harry; "how dark it is too: we shall have a flash and a roar yet before we get to camp. Hullo! who goes there?"

As he spoke, a vivid streak of lightning flashed forth, followed instantaneously by a tremendous clap of thunder. We pulled up suddenly; it is, I believe, an involuntary motion when lightning gleams in one's face. I had seen the object which had attracted Harry's attention: it was a tandem just making the turn out of our road into the road to camp. For an instant, dazzled by the flash, we had lost sight of it; and now we saw that it was stationary.

"Something wrong there, I am afraid," said Harry, as we once more pushed forward. As we approached, we could see the driver sitting motionless in the gig.

"I thought there were two," muttered Harry. I was sure there were, and said so. When we reached the spot, we saw that both the horses were on the ground, and a negro lad was holding one down by the head with all his might.

Off we jumped.

"Lay hold of our horses, and we'll soon set things to rights here," said Harry to the lad.

"De leader him dead, Massa Holt, and Massa,

him no speak," said the boy, whom we now perceived to be Ker's servant.

We looked up quickly at the motionless figure in the gig. It was Ker; and there he still sat, bolt upright, his eyes wide open, and the reins in his hand: he seemed to be staring stedfastly at us; but it was a glassy, fixed, unnatural stare. We were at his side instantly; we spoke to him, we touched him, we shook him; but he neither answered nor stirred. Was it a fit? or was he suddenly paralyzed?—*That* could not be death—a dead man could not sit upright.

We lifted him from the gig, and laid him gently on the ground; Harry felt his pulse, I tore open his waistcoat, and put my hand on his heart.

"Harry, his heart is still," I whispered, for I was subdued by a confused feeling of doubt and terror.

"So is his pulse; and yet surely, surely he cannot be—hark! there is some one coming." A horse's feet were distinctly heard advancing rapidly along the Kingston road.

In a few minutes M'Mull appeared; he pulled up sharp when he came alongside the gig. "What's to do here?" he asked, in his usual grumpy tone.

"Jump off, doctor, there's a good man: Ker is in a swoon, or a fit, or something; he neither speaks nor stirs," cried Harry eagerly.

"In a swoon, or a fit, or something," repeated M'Mull, as he deliberately dismounted.

"Look sharp, doctor; it's a case of life and death, I can tell you," exclaimed Harry, exasperated at M'Mull's methodical slowness.

The doctor made no reply, but walked quietly up to the spot where Ker was lying. He put his hand on his wrist, kept it there for nearly a minute, then thrust it under his shirt upon his heart.

"You're wrong again, Harry Holt," he said, as he withdrew his hand; "it's no 'a case of life and death,' but just a case of death; the man's as dead as Julius Cæsar."

Although, in our secret thoughts, both Harry and I had feared this, yet the sudden announcement of the fact, made in such an apparently unfeeling manner, shocked us inexpressibly. Harry explained that he was sitting upright in the gig till we removed him; how could he retain his position if he were indeed dead?

"I dinna ken," said M'Mull; "but I ken he's dead; and more than that, I ken that I am wet to the skin, and shall catch my death o' cold gin I stay to answer all your questions: put him in the gig and bring him to camp."

So saying, he mounted his horse and rode off.

"Right or wrong, I could horsewhip that fellow till he hadn't a sound bone in his body, with all the pleasure in life," said Harry, in high wrath.

The body was placed in the gig, the dead horse was left where he fell, and we proceeded towards camp sad and sorrowful; for, though we neither of us liked Ker, his awfully sudden death had completely overwhelmed us.

"You and I," said Harry, as we walked our horses by the side of the gig—"you and I were out in a thunderstorm yesterday, when we saw not

one, but a thousand flashes of lightning, and yet we are here to tell the tale. Do you think we are sufficiently thankful to God for having so mercifully spared us, Brook?"

"I am afraid I never thought about it, Harry," I replied timidly, for in truth I felt ashamed of myself.

"Nor I either; at least, not so much as I ought: courage in the midst of danger is right and proper; but the highest courage would avail us nothing were not His arm stretched over us to protect and shield us from harm. Let us never forget that *fact*, Brook."

"I feel it now," I answered; "this fearfully sudden death has brought it home to me. How strange that there should have been only that one solitary flash, and one solitary clap of thunder; is it not?"

"Yes, it *is* strange, or at least seems so to us; but 'God's ways are not our ways,' you know, Brook."

The rain still descended heavily as our mournful procession splashed slowly and sadly along the flooded road and across the soaked and sloppy barrack-yard of Up Park Camp.

HAUNTED LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

IV.—SOHO SQUARE.

An old gentleman, who died about 1810, used to say that he remembered shooting a woodcock in open fields where Lambs' Conduit Street now stands. As late, too, as 1760, Oxford Street was but a deep hollow road, full of sloughs, with here and there only a ragged house—a lurking-place for cut-throats; and the night traveller shook in his hackney-coach as he passed along it, expecting every minute to see a goggling black mask staring in at the window.

When we remember that Hanover and Cavendish Squares were only built about 1718, can we wonder that, on looking at a map of Queen Elizabeth's London, for Soho, we find only broad green squared-out fields, bounded by roads leading to Reading and Uxbridge, where now the dingy square of Soho stands? Yes, all the pleasant small phenomena of everyday nature were then quietly and unsmokily going on in this area, now crushed so flat with four rows of solid houses. At that time, Bacon and Raleigh were living in the Strand, and the city was still the dwelling-place of noblemen; Hatton House stood at the end of Hatton Garden, and Drury Lane was a centre of fashion. There grew white-frilled daisies, dandelion's globes of down, and white cauliflower-heads of mayflower; children played and looked on distant London, and the thin smoke of ten thousand dinners cooked on wood fires went up at noon into the blue unsullied sky. There was Kemp's Field, and Bunche's Close, and Coleman Hedge, and Dog House Fields, and Brown's Close, all green and fresh, where now Greek Street, and Frith Street, and Charles Street, and Dean Street stand, shoulder to shoulder, in stolid vapid ugliness, yet not without memories to irradiate them, and throw

enchantment over twilight London at the ghost-walking hours, when day dies amid the bloodshed of the west.

During the Civil Wars there were brick kilns smoking blackly near Soho, and here, perhaps, as a quiet spot, sword thrusts were exchanged, or footpads skulked about watching travellers. After the Restoration, cottages began to increase about this country quarter; then it was half intended to stop, by parliamentary decree, the building of houses in Soho, as it choked up the air in the king's parks and palaces, and led away the water from the conduits which supplied Whitehall. The king was a great walker, and fond of the mall and his park, where he could lead about his spaniels and feed his ducks; so he wanted room to breathe, and remembered that old Cromwell had tried to stop the rage for house-building in London, but it was no use. Houses were wanted—houses brought in more money than pasture land, and houses were built. The windmill and the Dog Fields went, Soho Square began to shape itself (1681), when the Duke of Monmouth, the bad king's gay Absalom of an illegitimate son, took the centre house on the south side, facing the statue of his father; and round him established themselves, Colonel Rumsay, Sir H. Inglesby, the Earl of Stamford, and Messrs. Tilder and Broughton. It was called Monmouth Square then: gold pieces, I have no doubt, were raked about the green tables in that Square, gilded coaches rolled in and out incessantly, and the silly revelling rake, looping on his lace cravat every morning at one of those foggy windows, little thought of what would one day come to those scented locks that he ran his diamonded fingers through. Dining, drinking, lute-playing—now at Whitehall, now at the Duke's Theatre—little thought that foolish Absalom of a certain Dorsetshire heath, where he would one day be pounced on by the soldiers, or of the deep ditch under the ash tree, where he lay three dreary nights; then, dressed as a countryman, dropped his gold snuff-box, full of gold pieces, in a tangled pea-field, and was led to London to die on the scaffold (1685). No wonder in ghostly evenings I meet a tall, black, dejected man in Soho Square; it is the Duke, I know, but I do not like to speak first. Lord Bateman next purchased the unlucky house, giving, no doubt, revels in his turn, nor thinking much of headless Monmouth. Then (1791) Count de Guerchy, the French ambassador, had it, and thought even less of Monmouth, for now the Square was called King Square, or Soho Square; and Monmouth's fate was becoming a legend. As to how the Square got its present name of Soho, antiquarians differ, as those wise men are sometimes in the habit of doing. But some blue fog night I will stop the Duke's ghost and ask him, and so settle the question, for good ink enough has been shed upon it. The word *soho* was a word used in the old riding school to encourage a horse; perhaps it was once given to one of the fields upon which the once fashionable Square was built, to indicate that horses were trained there. It is a tradition, but a false one, that the Square derived its name from "Soho," being the watchword of the Duke's men at Sedgemoor.

Time went on; the Square, once a windmill field, and belonging first to Pringer, then to the unlucky Duke, then to the widowed Duchess, in 1700, became the Earl of Portland's just as all the surrounding streets were springing up in files of houses to guard the Square. There all sorts of inmates came to the house of the headless man: Bishop Burnet, the friend of William and good Queen Mary, Burnet, the pompous friend of the martyr, Lord Russell; it was for a time an auction-room; then that brave admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, lived here, talked of French frigates and smashing broadsides, and in his long laced waistcoat and cocked hat left here for that unhappy voyage when he was wrecked off Cornwall, and his body, saved from the sea, was brought to lie in state till it could be borne solemnly to Westminster Abbey; then Lord Chancellor Macclesfield lived and died here, but quietly, neither at sea nor on the scaffold, giving the old unlucky house a better name; and the sub-president of the Royal Society lived here, and after him that boisterous antagonist of the court, the Earl of Chatham's friend, Lord Mayor Beckford, who, to torment the great people, had the word *Liberty* in staring white letters painted across the front of the house; and what could not a man who left a million of ready money and £100,000 a year to his bad son, afford to do?

I meet such a crowd of dim ghosts at night, outside Mr. Rogers' the wood-carvers, and D'Almaine's the music-sellers, that I can scarcely get my poor brain to remember who is who, and what celebrated people really did live in this Square of Soho. Some of them do not know the place when I call it Soho; others ignore King Square, and some will style it Monmouth. The dead miller wants his windmill, and the ghost children of Elizabeth's time ask "the way, if you please, to Dog House Fields." Here, tells me a lady who I take to be Oliver Cromwell's wife, that Mistress Mary Cromwell once dwelt in that great pickle-shop; a Dutch Jew shows me where, in 1726, lived the exile Rippereda, a Dutch adventurer, who had been Prime Minister of Spain; and a smiling ghost tells me that in the left-hand corner of Bateman's Buildings, George Coleman the humourist cracked many a joke; and on the Greek Street side, too, Horace Walpole's bosom friend and correspondent, Field-Marshal Conway, whom he idolized.

But the house at whose door ghosts congregated about midnight, so thick that it looks like Death's door, is a great faded house on the east side of the Square—the Sutton Street side. It was once the mansion of the Earls of Carlisle, but it was taken in 1762-3 by a German singer, a Mrs. Teresa Cornelys (or Cornelius). With subtle tact, Mrs. Cornelys took advantage of the cliques and rivalries of a frivolous powder-and-patch age; and when the singer Guadagni left the Haymarket Opera, she set him up at private concerts established in her splendidly-furnished house, which she had turned into a fairy palace for balls, concerts, operas, harmonic meetings, and masquerades.

The whole silly town of fashion-mongers, of wiggid beaux and powdered belles, were in a buzz about the vast new rooms, hung with blue and yel-

low satin. Every one chattered about the taste and invention of Mrs. Cornelys, and the town called her the "dictatress of pleasure." Her tact was great, and she did all she could to ruin the Opera House, sell her *purple* tickets, enlarge her rooms, and win the people of fashion by expressions of duty and gratitude. She improved the ventilation of her rooms, and spent £1000 in one year in their decoration. She had to have another entrance made to her house, to admit the grand people. She was threatened with information and prosecution, but her spells seemed daily to increase in power. Mrs. Cornelys believing this little dream perpetual, invented more tricks than a tired fox to baffle her angry enemies. She gave balls to the servants of persons of fashion, when 220 assembled in the earl's desecrated mansion; she gave the profits of an harmonic meeting to the poor of the parish, and pamphlets were written to show that her vicious masquerades were beneficial to commerce. Four hundred twinkling wax-lights lit her house on such nights as these, and a hundred musicians set the foolish feet dancing. Footmen filled the passages, chairs and carriages blockaded the entrance to the Square; great sultanas, with £30,000 worth of diamonds, shook hands with happy Mrs. Cornelys. The Duchess of Hamilton and beautiful Mrs. Crew, the Whig toast, gleamed through the blue and yellow rooms; 800 Highlanders, Wilkites, Druids, chimney-sweepers, etc., decanted out of carriages into the rooms of Carlisle House. Thousands of people lined the streets to see the parti-coloured masqueraders in their black masks and gay dominoes, with the visitors in the carriages, windows being down and the torches placed so that they could see. But "society nights," and entertainments to noblemen's insolent servants, and concerts by Bach and Abel, and inventions of taste and tact, no, not even the blue and yellow satin hangings, delayed Mrs. Cornelys' fall. Fortune is fickle, and fashion still more so. Almack, a Scotch butler or valet, set up his rooms (now Willis's) in King Street, St. James's, where subscription balls and suppers were given, that soon outshone those of Carlisle House; his room ninety feet long swallowed, allegorically speaking, the blue and yellow ones of Mrs. Teresa. The Pantheon, too, started its masquerades, and drew away the silly gold and silver fish of fashion, who always swim in shoals. The ex-singer was finally tried at Bow Street before Sir John Fielding, and fined £50 for allowing in her house riotous assemblages of "persons in masks."

Down she fell at once; no one would go to a house indicted as a nuisance; in vain "lotteries," and efforts of lady patronesses. Her expenses continued, her profits declined; in vain the desponding dictatress of fashion attempted to win back the deaf crowd.

In November, 1772, Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, of Carlisle House, St. Ann's, Soho, dealer, went into the "Gazette," and the Temple of Festivity was advertised to be sold. Again she struggled on; but, still failing, the ex-opera singer started as "vender of asses' milk," and keeper of breakfast-rooms at Knightsbridge. Poor woman, even the asses would

not come to drink. The taste of the age had changed, and Mrs. Cornelys' had not adapted itself to the variations. In August, 1797, the old, forlorn, scheming woman died in the Fleet Prison. To the last she was planning to win back the fashionable crowds to her rule. Exiled monarchs are the most hopeful of human beings; she left a son, who was tutor to Lord Somebody, and a daughter, who taught music in Lady Cowper's family, both of whom had settled annuities on their mother.

After this bright season of folly, Carlisle House fell into sad decay. Low masquerades, conducted by enterprising confectioners, were held there; a debating society foamed at the mouth within its old walls; then Polish dwarfs and unsuccessful scientific lecturers strutted their little hours, and it again sank into decent privacy. That old ghost that I see at midnight looking wistfully up at the windows, is no doubt Mrs. Cornelys', dying to see if the blue and yellow hangings are taken down yet. Oh, long ago, Mrs. Cornelys, long ago; but there is Charles II's pigmy statue still in the dingy garden, which must be a comforting remembrance to thee of old times.

It was at No. 30 in this Square that Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist, whom Peter Pindar so unfairly laughed at, lived: here he gave his pompous public breakfasts and his Sunday evening receptions; and if Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, the Worcestershire baronet, were a reality, I should meet him too in the ghostly soirées round Carlisle House; for the "Spectator" (No. 2) tells us he lived here, where Mr. Evelyn, the good Surrey cavalier gentleman, once wintered, long before children came in bands to buy toys at the bazaar which Mr. Trotter, imitating Eastern customs, established here, on the west side, in 1815.

Now, from earls and baronets the Square has come to shops and working trades twice as honest and respectable as infamous masquerades. Let us take one more stroll round the Square before we leave it, with its flavour of fashion and pleasant old-world memories, good and humbling for the young and new world to think over. Now in this fog haze of twilight, the houses are mere blue blocks of fog: no windows, no doors, no detail visible, they might be, for all I see, fairy palaces in an enchanted country; or rather, palaces deserted by the fairies, unlucky, ill-fated palaces, their enchanted spell run out and no longer retaining any power.

And now come the ghosts, trooping down the side streets: here is Mr. Evelyn, and the Duke of Monmouth, his French footman carrying his head behind him on a velvet cushion, for convenience. Next Sir Joseph Banks, and two or three Earls of Carlisle, some unknown gentlemen of Charles II's time, and poor Mrs. Cornelys, wondering Carlisle House is not lit up as it used to be; she forgets her retirement in the Fleet, and thinks only of her short-lived grandeur; and here are George Coleman, and Rippereda the adventurer, and Alderman Beckford, and a host of other people who once lived in the Square, from Charles II's time downwards, some in Spanish hats and feathers, others wearing solitaires and bag-wigs.

Yet perhaps, after all, these ghosts are all shadows

of my own hazy imagination; for when the moon breaks forth, and lights up Charles II in the garden, and silvers the front of Carlisle House, I look round and see nothing: the shadows have all slunk off to dark corners, dreading the moon's dazzle and hating the light, and all I see is over one door the name of D'Almaine,* and on another the word "pickles," brought into prominent relief. We forget Mary Cromwell, as a late cab dashes up Greek Street, and the measured sentinel tramp of a policeman's heavy feet drives away our last glimpse of ghosts as we leave regretfully Soho Square.

THE MOFUSSIL MAGISTRATE.

THE rural districts of British India are comprised in the general term "The Mofussil." We believe the word is derived from the Persian, but are not sufficiently learned in oriental lore to describe exactly how. We only know that directly you set foot beyond the precincts of either of the three presidency cities of India, you were in the *Mofussil*, and, comparatively speaking, without the pale of civilization.

We write of the time when India was ruled by the East India Company, when the presidency cities themselves were subject to the laws of England, administered by judges of the crown, and while the rest of the country submitted to the judicial system of "Honorable John," as the council of Leadenhall Street was facetiously called. There was a vast deal of difference in the way in which justice was dispensed within the jurisdictions of her Majesty's supreme courts of judicature, and that by which natives had to seek it in the courts which acknowledged the control of the Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut Adaulut, which those who had the opportunity of distinguishing between the operations of the several systems could not fail to appreciate. Baboo Chatterjee and Curroem Bux, as peaceably disposed, intelligent, and wealthy subjects, if called on for an opinion as to where person and property were best protected by the laws, would have had little difficulty in electing between Calcutta and the Twenty-four Pergunnahs.

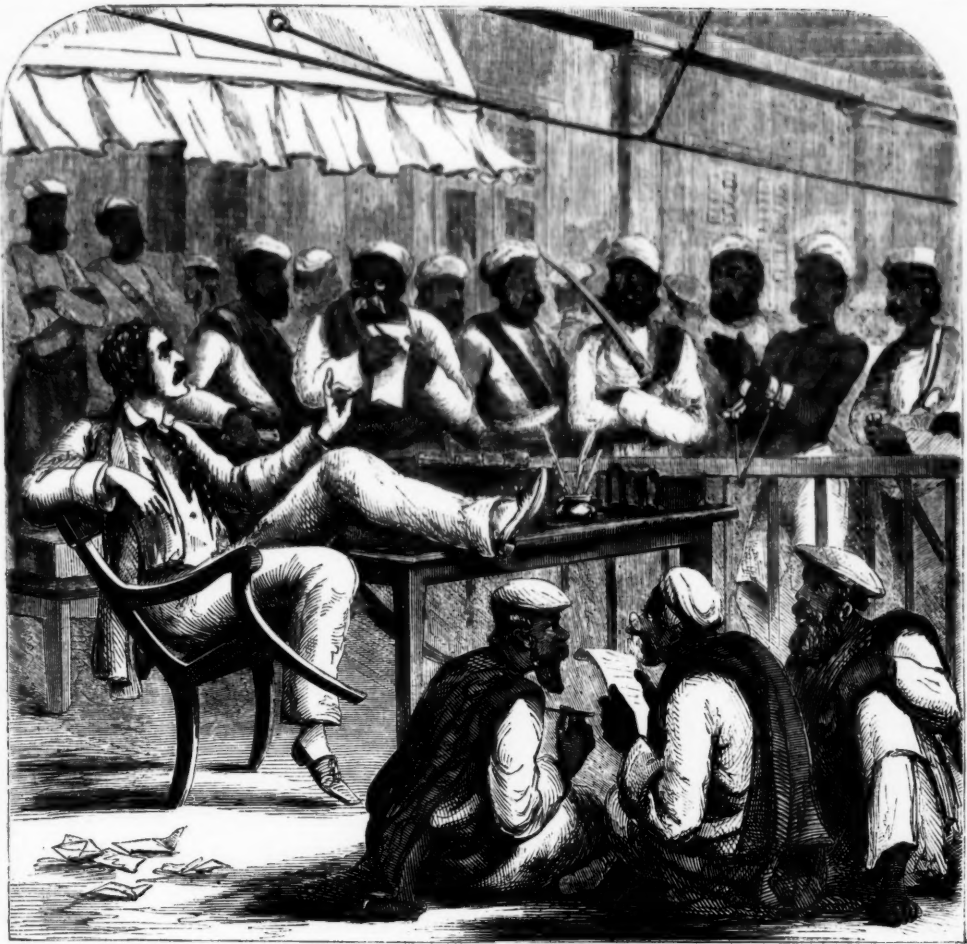
The Company's dominions consisted of regulation and non-regulation provinces; the former comprising all those territories which gradually and in the ordinary course of things merged under their paternal sway, and relative to whose government certain specific laws were established and incorporated into a general system of administration; the latter consisting of territories recently annexed by conquest or cession, being ruled by "commissions" appointed to ascertain the requirements of the people, and to administer the laws amongst them in such manner as might be considered most equitable in regard to their past and present position; the Northern Sirdars, the Twenty-four Pergunnahs, Patna, Benares, etc. were included in the former category. The Punjab, Scinde, Mysore, Pegu, and the Tenasserim were amongst the non-regulation provinces. The officers who administered in the regu-

lation provinces were the collector of revenue and his deputies, the district judge, the Sudder Ameens and the Moonsiffs in civil proceedings; the sessions judge, magistrates and their assistants, in criminal: the collectors, judges, and magistrates being selected from the covenanted branch of the civil services, and their subordinate officers frequently from the "uncovenanted." The "covenanted" were the "highly educated," who had passed preliminary examinations at the East India Company's college at Haileybury, who, on their arrival in the country, were supposed to be capable of everything, but who, before being appointed to any responsible situation, were allowed a twelvemonth's grace to pass finally in the vernaculars, when they were considered forthwith eligible for judgeships, magistracies, state secretarieships, collectorships, and to conduct political missions. Very fat appointments indeed were available for these favoured *protégés* of the magnates of Leadenhall, who, to do them justice, generally contrived to perform their functions respectably, and amongst whose ranks have risen from time to time many of the world's greatest men. So far as the regulation provinces were concerned, generally, the defects in their administration may be attributed more to the inefficiency of the system under which they were governed, than to the incompetency of the officers appointed over them, who had to contend against all the evils of the most obstinate "red-tapeism," and who were, for the most part, provided with very inadequate means for the satisfactory execution of their charges. The native police were weak in numbers, and notoriously corrupt, and the Sheristadars and Tahsildars (native officers employed under collectors of districts) were, as a body, the most extortionate and unconscionable rogues in all creation. Still, in the administration of the regulation provinces, there was a recognised routine, cumbrous and imperfect, yet pretty well understood, and people were reconciled to it, for want of better.

In the non-regulation provinces, the case was different. Military officers were generally appointed commissioners over large districts, and their assistants were also, for the most part, chosen from the army. Some of the most important civil offices were held by young subalterns, (lieutenants and even ensigns of native infantry,) who possessed no qualifications for such appointments beyond family or proprietary interest, and whose proceedings were not infrequently characterised by the grossest tyranny and oppression. The power for benefit or mischief vested in the hands of these officials was always considerable, and it may be imagined how calamitous might be the effect of such authority, when conferred on one incapable of exercising it judiciously or indisposed to exert it conscientiously. It is unnecessary for us to remark that, as a rule, military officers are not adapted for the conduct of the duties appertaining to purely civil appointments. The most exemplary colonel of a regiment would be utterly out of place on a judicial bench investigating questions of inheritance, land tenure, and actions in assumpsit, and the smartest officer in the service would make at best but an indifferent magistrate.

We submit, this week, another engraving from a drawing by the late Captain Atkinson, representing

* Since removed, and the premises absorbed in the neighbouring pickle factory. See "Leisure Hour," No. 426.



A MOFUSSIL MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

a Mofussil magistrate engaged in the exercise of his vocation. It is a hot day in the north-west, and the functionary is seated in the verandah of his catchery beneath the punkah, whose motion creates about him an artificial breeze, relieving him individually, for the time being, from the effects of the weather's sultriness. Beside him, seated on the ground, deeply engaged in the details of their accounts, are two Mahomedan Shroffs, or cashiers; and before the bar, which separates his worship from the vulgar herd, are ranged a prisoner, who is before the Sahib for some offence against the laws, a crowd of burkendazes, jemadars, naiques, and peons, or native policemen.

The attire of the magistrate is seasonable, adapted far more for comfort than ostentation, consisting as it does of a white linen jacket and inexpressibles, and a loose tie about the shirt collar. He is not particular in those little matters, and would not hesitate to divest himself of his jacket altogether, if such a proceeding would be likely to conduce to his convenience; and by and by, when he feels so disposed, his call of "Qui hye! Ag lao!" will be

duly responded to by a peon, who will bring him a ball of fire on a little silver pan, from which he will light a cheroot, and puff away complacently during the preliminary investigation of a case of burglary which is about to be brought before his tribunal.

The duties of a Mofussil magistrate are almost always onerous, and in some instances excessively trying. Neither Hindoos nor Mussulmans are over-particular in the observance of their oaths when they have any urgent purpose to serve, and a magistrate will very frequently have to discriminate upon the merits of a case out of a quantity of very hard swearing on both sides. He has to go through the investigation of a vast number of complaints of all kinds, many of which are preferred without the least foundation, some being of so trivial a character that, unless he be a very good-tempered man, he loses his patience at being pestered with them. Petty larcenies and assaults are the offences which chiefly engage his attention, and these he disposes of summarily; the most serious crimes he commits, after a preliminary inquiry, for trial before the sessions judge.

If the station at which the Mofussil magistrate is doing duty happens to be likewise a military cantonment, his social position is pleasant enough, that is, if he is a prudent man, and avoids identifying himself with the many Little Pedlington squabbles which are constantly occurring in limited communities. At the military stations there are frequent tiffins, and burrah kanahs, and horse-races, and reviews, to say nothing of evening pastimes of "vanity fair." But if he should, by any stroke of ill fortune, or through the malice of the higher authorities, get posted to an appointment in some far-off jungle, where himself and the deputy collector are the only European residents, except, perhaps, three or four old pensioned sergeants, the Sudder Ameen and Moonsiff being most likely natives, his position is about as uncheerful as any one can well imagine. However irksome a man might consider the obligation to remain in a police court from eleven A.M. till four in the afternoon, surrounded by natives redolent of ghee and garlic, inquiring into charges of violence and fraud, and eliciting the variety of repulsive details which commonly characterize the perpetration of native delinquencies, he may become reconciled to it if he has the prospect of meeting with congenial associates on the band-stand or on the parade-ground, after business is over, or at some agreeable party in the evening. There are many advantages of society and position which serve to render a magistracy at Meerut, or Agra, or Trichinopoly rather desirable than otherwise, whilst the most princely salary would fail to console any but a misanthrope for a residence in Hooghly or Chingleput. But there have been always amongst the Company's servants men of higher views and nobler aspirations, who have found or made opportunities for promoting the best interests of the people among whom they were stationed.

Well; the government of the East India Company—the rule of Honorable John—is defunct, and we presume the old system will gradually give way to an entirely new state of things. Those who have proved themselves the right men in the right places, we trust will meet with that appreciation which their merits deserve; in which case there are many Mofussil magistrates that we wot of who will yet reap distinction.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE REBELLION OF FORTY-FIVE.

Not far from the then bleak and barren moor of Culloden, stood in 1745 a venerable-looking mansion of the Elizabethan style of architecture, with projecting gables, pointed roof, and tall whimsically-shaped chimneys. The lawn, smooth and verdant, sloped gently down from the front of the house, terminating in a low white paling, on the farther side of which lay the high-road which led from Culloden to Inverness. The sole occupants of this antique mansion were, at the period now referred to, the owner of the house, Mrs. Balfour, who, from long illness and the increasing infirmities of age, was completely bed-ridden, and her niece, Miss Catherine Sinclair, a young lady of birth and

beauty, who was on a visit to her aged relative. Three or four domestics—old and faithful servants—completed the *ménage*, which was as secluded and tranquil as the abode of a recluse; and little thought the sober inmates of this peaceful domicile of the storm which, at no distant period, was destined to burst around them.

It was at this time that the intelligence of the sudden landing of Prince Charles Edward in Scotland fell like a thunderbolt on the nation at large. There are many circumstances which will account for the extraordinary interest excited by this rash undertaking. The long train of misfortunes which had pursued the Stuart family through a succession of years; the personal character of the Pretender; his youth, and his attraction of person and manner; the romance attached to this bold stroke for a kingdom; the chivalrous nature of the expedition itself; all tended to raise a warm feeling throughout Scotland in favour of the cause, and more especially among the Highland clans, who had always prided themselves on their steady adherence to the Stuart dynasty. The Jacobites, both in England and Scotland, were not slow in joining the ranks of the prince, and even those who shrank from an open avowal of their loyalty gave their best wishes for the success of the cause, and followed with enthusiasm the romantic career of the young adventurer. Rapid and startling were the events which followed each other in quick succession. The landing in Scotland with a handful of followers, the triumphant march into Edinburgh, the brief sway of sovereignty, the decisive victory of Prestonpans, where

"The Highland clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away;"

all these were enough to elate the followers of the Prince, and to strike consternation and alarm into the hearts of their opponents. Then followed news of another complexion—the advance into England and subsequent retreat, the doubtful fight of Falkirk, and, finally, the movement on Culloden.

Intelligence in those days was not so rapid as it is now, and the news of the approach of the Highland army to Culloden was almost simultaneous with the event itself. To Mrs. Balfour and her niece this intelligence was sufficient to occasion the most lively alarm, as the English army, under the Duke of Cumberland, was known to be in the immediate vicinity, and an engagement between the two forces was confidently anticipated. What added more to the anxiety of the two ladies was the fact of a relation of theirs having joined the Jacobite cause, and being at that moment with the army of the Prince. He was a nephew of Mrs. Balfour, one to whom she was much attached, and a young man of spirit and resolution. His name also was Balfour.

It is not intended, in this sketch, to give any account of the Battle of Culloden; so, leaving the hostile forces to their work of mutual destruction, our story brings us again to the mansion of Mrs. Balfour. The old lady had caused herself to be removed into the drawing-room, which was at the front of the house, where she lay extended on the sofa, her thin, pale, but still handsome features

rendered more ghastly from the effects of powerful emotion. At the half-open window which looked into the lawn stood Miss Sinclair, eagerly listening to the distant sounds of battle borne along by the breeze. The two armies were engaged in desperate combat, and her heart beat thick as the volleying din of the musketry and the louder roar of the artillery met her ear, and an involuntary shudder crept over her frame as she thought of the many gallant hearts pouring out their life-blood in a war which had no antagonism of race to render more excusable, but which too often banded brother against brother and friend against friend.

Hours slipped away, and still the position of the two females was unaltered. But few words passed between them, and those few were principally words of comfort and encouragement addressed by Miss Sinclair to her aged relation. It was indeed a trying moment for one so young and delicately nurtured: her aunt, a helpless and decrepit invalid, requiring unceasing attention; the few servants who still remained in the house unable, through terror, to render the slightest assistance whatever; a fierce battle raging within a few miles of their dwelling, and the termination of which, whatever party might prove victor, boded equal danger to themselves: it was an emergency to try the strongest nerves, but, as the sequel will show, Miss Sinclair was not unequal to the occasion.

But now, as she listens, the sounds of battle wax fainter; the firing, more scattered, irregular, and less frequent, seems nearer than before, and it appears to her—the sense of hearing being rendered unnaturally acute in that hour of danger—that the battle is over, one party broken and dispersed, and the pursuit is being urged along the Inverness road, which, as has been mentioned before, ran within a few hundred yards of Mrs. Balfour's house. Nearer and nearer came the confused murmurs of the pursuers and pursued; the tramp of horses, the wild shouts of the victors, the dropping fire of musketry, and the clash of weapons, all mingled together in a complete babel of sound. Scattered forms are seen to drop along the road and spread across the plain, and the Highland garb but too plainly showed that they belonged to the army of the Prince.

Unable any longer to look forth at this scene, which had already tried her nerves to the utmost, Miss Sinclair closed the window, and having conveyed her aunt, half dead with anxiety, to her bed, returned again to the drawing-room, there to collect her thoughts and to resolve on the best course to pursue in their present difficult and dangerous situation. It was plain that the Highland army had been defeated, and before long they might expect a visit from the English troopers, who were close on the heels of the fugitives, and of whose licence and cruelty they had heard enough to regard their arrival with feelings of dread and alarm. Miss Sinclair had barely time to recur to this by no means pleasant anticipation, when she was disturbed by a loud knocking at the back-door, which was presently opened by the servant, and the tramp of footsteps along the passage announced the approach of visitors. The young lady, summoning

all her presence of mind, moved to the door of the room, and not without sundry misgivings threw it open, determined on ascertaining herself who the intruders were. A tall figure stood at the doorway, dressed in the Highland garb; his countenance, handsome and commanding, was calm and collected, though his apparel, disordered and blood-stained, bore evidence of the recent conflict. Miss Sinclair involuntarily fell back as her eye rested on the form of the intruder, and for a moment she was almost overcome; but she was speedily reassured by the calm and courteous accents of him who addressed her.

After a few words of apology for the intrusion, he briefly informed her of what she already guessed—the defeat and total rout of the Highland army. He himself, he said, together with a brother officer, had succeeded for the moment in eluding the vigilance of the English dragoons, and also in conveying from the field of battle a young officer, a relation, he believed, of the lady of the house, who had been severely and he feared fatally wounded, towards the close of the engagement, and who had expressed a wish to be conveyed thither.

"My name," he added, "is Captain Grant, and you will, I am sure, pardon this uncourteous intrusion, and excuse further delay, when you know that we have not a moment to spare, the English being in close pursuit."

Having said so much, he retired for an instant, but soon reappeared with his companion, both supporting in their arms the body of their wounded comrade. Having conveyed him to a couch in the room, and again hurriedly explained that their situation prevented their remaining a moment longer, they closed the door and disappeared, the tramp of their retiring footsteps echoing along the narrow passage till lost on the turf without.

Left to herself, and thrown upon her own resources in this terrible strait, the feelings of Miss Sinclair may be better imagined than described. If it were not for the evidence of her senses, the whole might seem the illusion of some dreadful dream. But the proofs around her were too real to admit of such a deception. There, on the couch, lay extended the almost lifeless form of her cousin, young Balfour—a ghastly spectacle, pale, disfigured, and bleeding from many a recent wound.

At that instant her ear caught a distant sound, at first faint and uncertain, now clear and distinct—the tramp of horses' hoofs on hardened ground. These were the horses of the English dragoons; she guessed that at once, and they were in close proximity too. She had not a moment to lose; her own safety, the safety of her aunt, and of the whole household, lay in immediate action; and it was clear that what she did do, must be done quickly. To deliberate was to be lost. Mastering her emotions, then, by a powerful effort of will, she was not long in resolving on the course to pursue. Her first care was to secure the safety of her cousin, who, if not removed to a place of security, would inevitably fall a victim to the ferocity of the pursuers. With the assistance of the servants, whom she hastily summoned to her aid, she succeeded in conveying his inanimate though still breathing

form, to the adjoining barn, and, after hurriedly applying some simple dressings to his wounds, and carefully concealing him amidst a large heap of straw, she returned to the house.

She then ordered provisions of all sorts, such as the house afforded, to be spread on the table, not forgetting a plentiful supply of wine and spirits; and having placed a large family Bible in the centre of the convivial board, she awaited with assumed composure, but with a beating heart, the arrival of her dreaded guests.

She was not long kept in suspense: first came the steady tramp of horses, advancing at a long swinging trot along the Inverness road—a momentary halt at the gate—then the muffled gallop over turf, as they crossed the lawn—a brief pause, a confused shout, and they were at the door. Then ensued a scene of fierce discord—the dismounting in hot haste, the neighing of steeds, the rattle of steel, the clash of weapons, the loud shout, discordant laugh, and brutal oath.

And then, as Miss Sinclair, her breath suspended with terror, listened to the babel without, loud hasty steps resounded along the hall, the door was thrown violently open, and the room filled with the wild disorderly forms of the English troopers, who, with fierce looks and menacing gestures, seemed the very personification of rapine and misrule. The leader of the party, who entered first, and who seemed in his appearance somewhat superior to the band of rude banditti that followed at his heels, appeared struck by the unexpected quiet of the scene which met his gaze; while the tall and graceful form of Miss Sinclair, who stood apart, pale and breathless, but firm and collected, arrested his attention by the singular dignity and grace of her attitude. Somewhat abashed, and forced, as it were in spite of himself, to assume a manner that had more of courtesy in it than he was perhaps aware of, he advanced to the young lady, and assured her, in language respectful though rough, that she need be under no alarm, but that his duty compelled him to ascertain if the house harboured any fugitives from the rebel army. Thus speaking, he glanced round the room, and his eyes lighting on the Bible which lay on the table, he placed his hands carelessly upon it.

"No papists here," he exclaimed, and he threw it down with an oath.

Slight as this incident may appear, it had the greatest possible effect on the feelings of that rude assemblage; for in such abhorrence were Catholics regarded in those days—when the name of papist and traitor were assumed to be synonymous—that the appearance of the Bible, which at once, in the minds of the soldiers, exonerated the inmates of the house from the suspicion of holding that detested creed, created quite a revulsion of feeling in their favour.

Miss Sinclair had good reason to congratulate herself on her forethought, not only in this instance, but also in regard to the viands which she had caused to be placed on the table. These soon attracted the attention of the troopers, the spirits especially offering an irresistible temptation; and most fortunately the quantity was not sufficient to

promote intoxication. Fatigued and hungry, they threw themselves like famished wolves on the welcome banquet, which vanished as if by magic before the promptings of their vulture-like appetites. The carousal over, soothed and softened by the hospitable reception they had met with, they made but a brief and cursory search over the establishment, and, failing to find anything to arouse their suspicions, prepared to take their departure.

Elated with feelings in which a hope of speedy deliverance began at last to find a place, Miss Sinclair waited impatiently for the moment which was to rid her of her unruly guests. The bugles rang out the assembly, the steeds were hastily saddled and accoutred, and with more show of discipline than they wore on their arrival, the red-coated, big-booted, hirsute cavaliers rode hastily away at the gallop, their spears jingling and their sabres clashing, and soon vanished from sight. Miss Sinclair breathed more freely as she watched their retreating forms disappear in the distance, and, murmuring an inward prayer of thanks to the merciful Providence who had delivered her from so imminent a danger, she hastened to reassure her aunt, and convey to her the cheering intelligence of their safety.

Her next care was for her cousin; and it was with feelings of gloomy foreboding that she sought his place of concealment. Her mind was filled with the saddest apprehensions as to his present condition. Alone, untended, how had he passed the many hours of dreary solitude which had elapsed since his arrival? It was possible that he was yet alive; but she knew the exhausted powers of nature could not hold out much longer. With rapid steps, and a heart fluttering with emotion, she sought his hiding-place, only, alas! to find her worst fears realized. Life was just taking its departure as she approached—ebbing away gradually and imperceptibly. He was quite sensible, and conscious of his approaching end. He could speak but little, and only at intervals, but his last words were those of affectionate farewell, and half-expressed thanks for her attention and kindness. With his mother's name on his lips he expired, bravely as a soldier should, with a consciousness that he had humbly striven to do his duty in this world, and with a firm reliance on his Saviour for the life hereafter.

This was the first time in her life that Miss Sinclair had stood face to face with death, and witnessed—what few can view unmoved—the dissolution of the spirit from its earthly tenement. Shudderingly, and overpowered by feelings of awe, terror, and commiseration, she knelt beside the dead, and poured forth her soul in deep and fervent prayer. A flood of tears at length came to her relief, and when she reached her aunt's chamber her mind was restored to some degree of composure; but the recollection of that dreadful scene haunted her through life, and in the course of a long and comparatively happy career her nerves never entirely recovered the shock. How that night and the next day passed, she perhaps never thoroughly knew—never at least cared to dwell upon or recall. On the succeeding night, the body of her cousin was

consigned to the earth by the hands of the domestics, with the scant and hasty funeral rites that the time and circumstances permitted.

It was not till many days after that Miss Sinclair communicated to her aunt the tragic incident of that night, of which she was happily ignorant at the time. Even when broken to her in the gentlest way, the intelligence of the death of one whom she so dearly loved proved too much for her, and the old lady never recovered the shock, and not long after Miss Sinclair had the mournful duty of following to the grave the mortal remains of her relative.

In subsequent years, when moving in other scenes and under other circumstances, Miss Sinclair chanced to meet with one of the actors in that sad scene—none other than Captain Grant. A mutual affection sprung up between them, and they were eventually married. From his own lips she learnt, long afterwards, the manner in which he had effected his escape after quitting Mrs. Balfour's house. Closely followed by the English horse, he and his companion succeeded, by an extraordinary exercise of bodily speed, assisted by an intimate knowledge of the country, which enabled them to take the directest route, in reaching Inverness late that night. The bridge of that town was in those days kept closed by gates, and these they found securely locked. They easily succeeded, however, in inducing the keeper—a secret friend to the Stuart cause—to admit them; and fastening the gates again, they threw the keys into the river, thereby checking for the present the course of their pursuers. They could not venture, however, to approach the town; but, being aware of the existence of a large cave not very far off, which afforded a secure hiding-place, they, for the present, sought refuge there. In this wild and desolate abode they remained for three weeks, their only food consisting of a scanty supply of oatmeal mixed with water, which they were forced from necessity to eat out of a shoe. At the expiration of this period, and after the first heat of the pursuit had blown over, they were enabled to reach the sea-coast and pass over to France, in which country they resided for several years, forming part of that band of devoted followers who, sacrificing friends, fortune, and country, with a self-abnegation but rarely met with, attached themselves to the broken fortunes of Prince Charles Edward.

CURIOSITIES OF LAND AND OTHER TENURES.

WHEN we turn to the records of the infancy of a state, we find it to resemble in no small degree the infancy of an individual. The oddest, most childish and simple things are done with the seriousness and solemnity of the most weighty transactions; and acts the most ridiculous and puerile, judged at least by modern standards, are regarded as acts of the highest wisdom, and become precedents for future rulers and lawgivers. This infantine self-complacency is especially conspicuous in all that appertains to the distribution of wealth, and the bestowal of privileges upon those whose good fortune it was to be the favourites of royal con-

querors, their successors, and of persons in high authority. We find that the most valiant conquerors often turn out to be the worst managers—that the spoils of the sword are distributed with a lavishness as reckless as was the courage that won them, and gifts of the greatest value are conferred in return for services merely nominal, or of so trifling a kind as to bear no proportion to the price paid for them. This is to be accounted for from the ignorance of facts which never come to light in the infancy of a state—facts which political economy teaches, but which, as political economy is the last growth of civilization, are unknown to the rude founders of a nation. In our day, princes and sovereigns know the value of territory and monopoly, and are slow to surrender them but for value received. In old times it was not so, and both were often bestowed in reward for services exceedingly questionable. The rulers of our remote ancestry knew nothing of the pressure of population, and never dreamed of a difficulty to arise from such a source. They despised the people, who are not only the creators but the assessors of a nation's riches; they failed to perceive that the value of the land must increase or decline with the increase or decline of the people who dwelt upon it; and, acting in accordance with their ignorance, they squandered the inheritance of their descendants upon their personal favourites. As one of the results, the descendants of the monarch's favourites have grown richer than the descendants of the prodigal monarchs. As the people grew and multiplied, the land has grown in value, as a necessary effect of that growth and multiplication. Reduce the population of this country to what it was a thousand years ago, and you reduce the value of the land to the same level; increase the population to double what it is, and you will double the value of the land—a process which has, in fact, been going on within the lives of the present generation in a very remarkable way, as is patent to everybody who pays any attention to the matter. To pursue this subject, however, would lead to a wide field of speculation, in which we are not inclined to wander at present. We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of an old volume upon which we have accidentally stumbled, which was written by Master Thomas Blourst, about 200 years ago, and from which we shall condense some particulars which appear to us sufficiently curious, concerning the tenures of lands and privileges of various kinds.

The author sets out by informing us that mirthful and singular tenures are not peculiar to this country, and he cites as a case in point the city and province of Altenburg, in Hungary, which was held under the condition of keeping a number of peacocks. He then proceeds to recount a long list of curious tenures which were once in force in this country, and classifies them under various heads. It will be as well for us to get rid of the classification, which is of no manner of importance, and to quote a few of the most remarkable instances. They will be found not only singular in themselves, but will serve to throw a few gleams of light on the customs of Englishmen in the olden

times. The first is connected with the coronation of the sovereign. Thus:—

Robert Agyllon held land on the condition of making one mess in an earthen pot in the kitchen of the king on the day of the coronation. The mess was called diligrout, or, if there was any fat or lard used in its composition, it was called maupygrynum. This mess of pottage was first made previous to the time of Edward I, and continued to be made down to the time of Charles II, who accepted the service at the hands of the holder of the lands, but declined most emphatically to regale himself with the diligrout.

William the Conqueror conferred certain privileges on the men of Shrewsbury, on the condition that they should, to the number of twelve, watch around the chamber of the king of England when he lay in that city, and should also attend upon him armed when hunting in their neighbourhood.

King John gave to William Ferrers, Earl of Derby, the house in the city of London which had belonged to Isaac the Jew, of Norwich, on condition that the earl should serve at the king's table at all annual feasts with his head uncovered, and bound with a garland of the breadth of his little finger.

Solomon Attefeld held an estate in Kent upon the condition that he should attend the king upon all his sea voyages, and be in readiness to hold his Majesty's head over the royal basin when the royal stomach paid tribute to Neptune.

John de Warbleton held the manor of Shirefield by the service of marshalling and managing the king's washerwomen, etc.

Roger Carbet held the manor of Chettingham in Shropshire, for finding one foot soldier or man at arms, carrying with him one bacon or salted hog, on which he was to dine daily, and to serve so long as half the bacon remained unconsumed. The man's service was therefore in the inverse ratio of his fondness for bacon, and he had only to exercise a tolerable appetite to eat himself out of harness in a very short campaign. He was not allowed, however, to have the salted hog in his own keeping, it being expressly stipulated that the marshal should have custody of the bacon and dole out the rations; so that, if long service were needed, it could be enforced by short commons.

The inhabitants of Chichester formerly held a number of tenements in the suburbs, on the condition of paying to the king, whenever he should pass through Goddestrete, a spindleful of raw thread to make a false string for his cross-bow.

William de Oxencroft held lands at Leatherhead, in Surrey, in fee of the king, under the condition that he should provide a pound for all such cattle as should require to be impounded for debts due to the king.

Peter Spillman held lands at Brokenerst, in Hampshire, for the service of finding an esquire to serve the king for forty days, and for providing straw and litter for the king's bed.

The town of Yarmouth secured its privileges by fulfilling the condition of their charter, which bound them to send one hundred herrings baked in twenty-four pasties to the sheriffs of Norwich, who were bound to deliver them to the lord of the manor

of East Carlton. At the same time, Eustace de Corne and others, whom we take to be the said sheriffs, held thirty acres of land in Carlton, in Norfolk, by the service of carrying to the king, wheresoever he should happen to be in England, twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings at their first coming in.

Thomas Engaine held lands at Pitchlee (Northamptonshire) for providing dogs for the destruction of wolves and other vermin.

Bertram de Criol held the manor of Seaton, in Kent, by the service of providing a man with three greyhounds to hunt with the king in Gascony, until said huntsman had worn out in the chase a pair of shoes of the value fourpence.

The family of the Greens of Greens Norton, Northamptonshire, held their lands by the service of lifting up their right hands towards the king yearly on Christmas day, wherever he should be in England.

Thomas Wanhead held lands in Conington, in Leicestershire, by saying daily five Paternosters and as many Ave Marias for the souls of the king's progenitors and of the departed faithful.

Walter Barun held lands and tenements at Holcote, in Somerset, by the service of hanging on a piece of forked wood the red deer that died of murrain in the king's forest of Exmoor, and for entertaining all such poor and infirm strangers as should find their way to him at their own charges.

William the Conqueror gave the county palatine of Chester, first to Gherbord, a nobleman of Flanders, afterwards to Hugh Lupus, one of his own nephews, under the most flattering and honourable tenure ever granted to a subject: he gave him this whole county to hold to him and his heirs as freely by the sword as the king held the crown of England. And therefore, in all indictments for felony, murder, etc., in that county palatine, the form of conclusion anciently used was "against the peace of our lord the earl, his sword and dignity."

In 1278, Edward I, having made the statute of Quo Warranto, and instituted an inquiry into the tenure by which his nobles held their lands, demanded of John, Earl Warren and Surrey, by what warrant he held his. The earl produced an old sword, and, unsheathing it, said, "Behold, my lords, here is my warrant; my ancestors, coming into this land with William the Bastard, did obtain their lands by the sword, and I am resolved by the sword to defend them against whomsoever shall endeavour to dispossess me; for the king did not himself conquer the land and subdue it, but our progenitors were sharers and assistants therein."

Walter de Aldeham held lands in Shropshire by the service of paying to the king yearly, at his exchequer, two knives (whittles) of that value or goodness that at the first stroke they would cut asunder in the middle a hazel rod of a year's growth, and of the length of a cubit; said knives to be delivered to the chamberlain for the king's use.

The manor of Seckburn (Durham), worth £554 a year, was held by the easy service of presenting a falchion to every bishop upon his first entrance into his diocese. This service was connected with a tradition to the effect that Sir John Conyers,

knight, slew with his falchion a dragon, or flying serpent, who devoured women and children, and that he had acquired the manor by that deed of valour.

Sir Philip de Somerville, knight, held the manor of Whichnoor, in Staffordshire, by payment of two small fees, with the condition that he should find, maintain, and sustain "one bacon flyke hanging in his hall at Wichenoure, ready arrayed all times of the year, but in Lent, to be given to every man and woman married after the day and year of their marriage be passed; and to every archbishop, prior, or other religious, and to every priest, after the year and day of their profession finished," upon their complying with specified conditions and forms of application. The institution of this Whichnoor flitch differs from that of Dunmow, with which the reader is familiar, in that the bacon was obtainable by ecclesiastics, who were forbidden to marry, as well as by married couples. The conditions would appear to be, a declaration on oath, on the part of the claimants, that they were contented with their lot, after trying it for one year. In the case of married persons, it was not a *sine quâ non* that they should have lived in uninterrupted harmony during the whole twelvemonth, so that they could affirm conscientiously in the terms of the covenant.

John, Earl of Warren and Surrey, granted to one John Howson a messuage in Wakefield (York), the said Howson agreeing to pay the annual rent of a thousand clusters of nuts, and to uphold a gauntlet firm and strong.

The holder of a farm at Brook House, in Langsett, in the parish of Peniston (York), paid yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq., in lieu of rent, a snowball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas.

Henry de Aveyning held the manor of Morton, in Essex, in capite of the king, by the service of one man, with a horse of the price of ten shillings, and four horse shoes, one leather sack, and one iron crock (pot or jug), as often as it should happen for the king to go into Wales with his army, at his own charges, for forty days.

Lands were held in capite of the king for various other services, many of them not intelligible at this time of day, owing to the obsolete terms and phrases in which the record of them has been preserved. Among those which are intelligible are such conditions as the blowing of a horn before the king; the payment of a sack of hemp and a bottle; the providing a horse with a halter; the tribute of one catapult; of one cross-bow, or of a certain number of arrows, feathered or unfeathered, and with or without heads; the furnishing of clean straw for the king to lie upon, or of a truss of hay for a reclining couch; the buying of ale for the king to drink; the making his Majesty a present of white hares; the safe keeping of the king's hogs; the keeping of the gate at Woodstock, during the king's visits; the gleanings and gathering a definite weight of wool from the thorns and brambles, for the king's use and behoof; the temporary loan to the king of a palfrey with a saddle, etc. etc.

It frequently happened that upon lands and manors thus held from the sovereign, the common people had old traditional and prescriptive rights; and for these the holders generally sought to com-

pound by the bestowal of privileges or the grant of licence to the populace to amuse themselves at recurring periods, at their lord's expense. Hence, many of the old manorial customs, marked some of them by savage cruelty, some by a grotesque kind of merriment. A common thing was the gift by the lord of the manor, of a bull to be baited; equally common was the liberty to hold a fair or mop in the park or forest of the manor; a custom which prevails at the present day in some parts of the country, as at Whichwood in Oxfordshire, where the forest fair lasts nearly a fortnight, at the close of the wheat harvest. A singular custom for a long time prevailed at Kidlington, in the same county. On the Monday of Whitsun week a fat lamb was provided, and the lasses of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, ran after it. She who with her mouth could hold the animal fast was declared Lady of the Lamb. The lamb was then killed, disembowelled, and, with the skin hanging on, carried on the top of a pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music, a Morisco dance of men and another of women, and the day was spent in merriment and dancing. The next day the lamb was cut up and baked, boiled, and roasted, for the lady's feast, at which she sat majestically at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her, with music and attendants. This repast closed the festivity.

The townspeople of Ensham had the liberty, derived probably from a similar source, of going to the forest and cutting down as much wood as they could transport by their unassisted labour to the yard of the Abbey. If, having lodged it in the yard, they were able to carry it off again, in spite of the attempts of the servants of the Abbey, and, since the dissolution of abbeys, of the impediments offered by the family of the lord, the wood was their own, and was appropriated by them towards the repairs of the church, in diminution of parish expenses.

Occasionally the proprietor of the lands would shift the burden of satisfying the popular claim upon the clerical incumbent of the parish. Numerous instances of this economical course of procedure might be cited; but we are approaching the limits of our paper, and shall quote but one. At Coleshill, in Warwickshire, the young men of the town enjoyed for centuries the right of hunting the hare on the morning of Easter Monday, with the privilege, if they could catch one, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock, of demanding and receiving a calf's head and a hundred eggs for breakfast, and a groat in money to make merry with afterwards.

Such are a few of the details relative to the tenures which in old times were common in England, and to some of the customs that arose out of them. For their preservation we are indebted to the industry of a man of true antiquarian spirit, who routed them out from the obscurest resources, where they lay buried in dog-law-Latin of the vilest kind, and in antique Norman French. We give them for no more than they are worth; but they have a value, and may suggest profitable reflection for a leisure hour.

VARIETIES.

OUR FATHER.—A few years ago a young Brahmin became a Christian, and openly professed his faith in the Saviour of the world. By the operation of an unjust law, and by the fanaticism of his Hindu relations, he was deprived of his property, separated from his wife and children, and cast on the tender mercies of a cold and cruel world. Loathed as a leper by those who were dearest to his heart, and hated as a fiend by those whom he most loved, the question was put to him, "What have you gained by becoming a Christian?" "Much," he replied, "much; I have learned to say 'Our Father.'" The Christian Brahmin did not mean that he could now repeat the Lord's Prayer. That, in itself, done idly or superstitiously, would be as valueless and comfortless to his soul as the repetition of a Hindu prayer. But he had acquired a knowledge of the one true God as *his Father*; and by this the troubled sea of his heart was quieted, the earnest craving of his soul was satisfied; and with a Father in heaven who loved him and cared for him, he could endure to be an outcast for Christ's sake.—*Kennedy's "Work and Conflict."*

NAPOLEON I. AND MADAME DE STAEL.—She was banished on a frivolous pretext, first from Paris, and afterwards from France. One préfet of Geneva was dismissed as being too civil to her; the next took care to exceed his duty in the opposite direction. She was forbidden to travel. She consoled herself with the society of Schlegel, who, for eight years, had been educating her son. It was discovered that the friendship of this great man was some consolation to her, and he was ordered summarily to quit Coppet. No offence was imputed to him, except that in an essay he had given the preference to the "Phœdra" of Euripides over the "Phèdre" of Racine! But the vengeance of Bonaparte was not satisfied with these persecutions. He determined that the poor woman, whose chief crime lay in having refused to join his party, should be bereft of all her friends. Matthieu de Montmorency visited her at Coppet. The day of his arrival, the Préfet of Geneva wrote to Paris to announce it. The return of the mail brought him an order of exile. Madame Récamier, on her way to the baths of Aix, would not be persuaded not to enter the doomed house, but had scarcely put her foot in it when she too was condemned to the same fate. Saint Priest, the examiner of Louis XVI, and an old man of seventy-eight, was living at Geneva. In spite of Madame de Staël's entreaties, he insisted on visiting her in her affliction. In the depth of winter he was banished from Switzerland for this act of friendship. As a climax to all this, a gendarme was set to watch Madame de Staël in all her movements, and thus even her home was made wretched to her.—*The Queens of Society.*

SHOWER OF ICE.—Captain Blakiston, in a letter to General Sabine, which has been communicated to the Royal Society, dated H.M.S. "Simoom," Singapore, 22nd of February, 1860, gives an interesting account of a shower of ice which fell upon the ship. He says: "On the 14th of January, when two days out from the Cape of Good Hope, about 300 miles S.E. of it, in latitude 38° 53' S., longitude 20° 45' E., we encountered a heavy squall, with rain, at 10 A.M., lasting one hour, the wind shifting suddenly from east to north (true). During the squall, there were three vivid flashes of lightning, one of which was very close to the ship, and at the same time a shower of ice fell, which lasted about three minutes. It was not hail, but irregular-shaped pieces of solid ice, of different dimensions, up to the size of half a brick. The squall was so heavy that the topsails were obliged to be let go. There appears to have been no previous indication of this squall, for the barometer at 6 P.M. on the two previous days had been at 30.00, the thermometer 70°. At 8 A.M. on the 14th the barometer marked 29.82, the thermometer 70°. At 10 A.M., the time of the squall, 29.86, the thermo-

meter 70°; and at 1 P.M., when the weather had cleared, wind north (true) 29.76, thermometer 69°; after which it fell slowly and steadily during the remainder of the day and following night. As to the size of the pieces of ice which fell, two, which were weighed after having melted considerably, were 3½ and 5 ounces respectively; while I had one piece given me, a good quarter of an hour after the squall, which would only just go into an ordinary tumbler; and one or two persons depose to having seen pieces the size of a brick. On examining the ship's sails afterwards, they were found to be perforated in numerous places with small holes. A very thick glass cover to one of the compasses was broken. Although several persons were struck, and some knocked down on the deck, fortunately no one was seriously injured.

A SHIP STRUCK BY A SWORDFISH.—When the barque "Maud," commanded by Mr. W. P. Briggs, of Tynemouth, was between the Mauritius and Ceylon, on her homeward voyage, she sprung a leak, which, however, was not productive of serious consequences. She arrived in the river Tyne, and was put into Middle Dock for repairs. It was then discovered that the leak had been caused by a swordfish thrusting its formidable weapon through one of the planks under the bilge. A piece of the sword, nine inches and a half in length, was found firmly embedded in the plank, which had been much rent by the force of the shock. The bold little finny warrior had no doubt mistaken the hull of a ship for the body of a whale.—*Sunderland Herald.*

LADY JANE GREY.—Jane Grey, eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, was nearly of the same age with Edward. Edward had been precocious to a disease; the activity of his mind had been a symptom, or a cause, of the weakness of his body. Jane Grey's accomplishments were as extensive as Edward's; she had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness. Her character had developed with her talents. At fifteen, she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen, she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyrics of admiring courtiers. She has left a portrait of herself drawn by her own hand; a portrait of piety, purity, and free noble innocence, uncoloured, even to a fault, with the emotional weakness of humanity.—*Froude's "History of England."*

A POPISH CONCESSION TO PROTESTANTISM.—Much may be said of Protestant diversities and sects, but one fact remains certain; it is, that nations where the Bible circulates and is read, have preserved a strong, deep, and enduring religious faith; while in countries where it is not known, one is obliged to deplore a moral superficiality and want of principles, for which a splendid uniformity of rites cannot compensate. Let learned theologians discuss on certain passages, on the authenticity of such and such texts; but what are such mysteries compared to the healthful and pure atmosphere which the Bible spreads wherever it is read, whether in low or elevated classes.—*Revue des deux Mondes.*

OATHS IN BRAZILIAN COURTS OF JUSTICE.—In the matter of swearing oaths, not only America but England might take a lesson from Brazil. Instead of a sleepy clerk, usher, or registrar mumbling over an oath, in a tone and terms irresistibly ludicrous, were they only audible, all the Court—judge, officers, and bar—and all the spectators, rise and stand while the oath is solemnly administered, the witness swearing audibly with his hand on the Bible. All stand, also, when the jury leave or enter the court-room.—*"Brazil and the Brazilians," published by the Tract Society.*